We tooke this Mattocke and this Spade from him,
As he was comming from this Church-yards ſide.
Chief watch. A great ſuſpition, ſtay the Frier too too.

Enter the Prince.

Prin. What miſaduenture is ſo early vp,
That calls our perſon from our morning reſt?

Enter Capels.

Ca. What ſhould it be that is ſo ſhrike abroad?
Wife. O the people in the ſtreet crie *Romeo*,
Some *Iuliet*, and ſome *Paris*, and all runne
With open outcry toward our Monument.
Pr. What feare is this which ſtartles in your eares?
Watch. Soueraine, here lies the County *Paris* ſlain,
And *Romeo* dead, and *Iuliet* dead before,
Warme and new kild. (comes.
Prin. Search, ſeeke & know how this foule murder
Wat. Here is a Frier, and Slaughter *Romeos* man,
With Inſtruments vpon them, fit to open
Theſe dead mens Tombes.

Enter Capulet and his wife.

Ca. O heauens! O wife looke how our daughter
This dagger hath miſtane, for loe his houſe (bleeds
Is emptie on the back of *Mountague*,
And it misſheathd in my daughters boſome.
Wife. O me, this ſight of death, is as a Bell
That warnes my old age to a ſepulcher.

Enter Mountague.

Prin. Come *Mountague*, for thou art early vp
To ſee thy ſonne and heire, now earling downe.
Moun. Alas my liege, my wife is dead to night,
Griefe of my ſonnes exile hath ſtopt her breath.
What further woe conſpires againſt mine age?
Prin. Looke and thou ſhalt ſee.
Moun. O thou vntaught, what maners is in this,
To preſſe before thy father to a graue?
Prin. Seale vp the mouth of outrage for a while,
Till we can cleare theſe ambiguities,

And

And know their ſpring, their head, their true diſcent,
And then will I be generall of your woes,
And leade you euen to death, meane time forbeare,
And let miſchance be ſlaue to patience,
Bring foorth the parties of ſuſpition.
Frier. I am the greateſt able to do leaſt,
Yet moſt ſuſpected as the time and place
Doth make againſt me of this direfull murther:
And heere I ſtand both to impeach and purge
My ſelfe condemned, and my ſelfe excuſde.
Prin. Then ſay at once what thou doſt know in this?
Frier. I will be briefe, for my ſhort date of breath
Is not ſo long as is a tedious tale.
Romeo there dead, was husband to that *Iuliet*,
And ſhe there dead, thats *Romeos* faithfull wife:
I married them, and their ſtolne marriage day
Was *Tibalts* doomeſday, whoſe vntimely death
Baniſht the new-made Bridegroome from this Citie,
For whome, and not for *Tibalt*, *Iuliet* pinde.
You to remoue that ſiege of griefe from her
Betrothd and would haue married her perforce
To Countie *Paris*. Then comes ſhe to me,
And with wild lookes bid me deuiſe ſome meane
To rid her from this ſecond mariage:
Or in my Cell there would ſhe kill her ſelfe.
Then gaue I her (ſo tutord by my art)
A ſleeping potion, which ſo tooke effect
As I intended, for it wrought on her
The forme of death, meane time I writ to *Romeo*
That he ſhould hither come as this dire night
To help to take her from her borrowed graue,
Being the time the potions force ſhould ceaſe.
But he which bore my letter, Frier *John*,
Was ſtayed by accident, and yeſternight
Returnd my letter back, then all alone
At the prefixed hower of her waking,